

FORD TIMES

OCTOBER 1980



One Vet Great and Small

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good on me.
Like the new Fairmont Futura."**

LAUREN BACALL



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EST.
MPG

38 EPA
EST.
HWY.

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Come in and see how it looks on you.

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FORD TIMES

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Cover: Dr. Elaine Painter of eastern Kentucky with one of her patients. The story begins on page 8. Photo by Diane K. Gentry.

The Upper Delaware

This river region deserves no less than a weekend visit

story and photos by Roy Attaway

WE WERE STANDING on one of the many suspension bridges linking New York with Pennsylvania, peering idly into the swift current. It was a brilliant autumn afternoon and sounds from the enfolding mountains carried easily from every direction: a distant cowbell, the mutter of a tractor's exhaust, and an excited dog coursing through the woods. Suddenly, an elongated shape separated itself from a large, flat submerged rock and fanned out into the glide. It was a trout of some 18 inches.

"Look at that!" Robyn said. She, newly converted to the passion of fly fishing, was almost trembling with excitement.

And then we saw another of equal size, and then another. And suddenly the whole river, wide and smooth here before descending into the canyon, was dappled with the swirls of surface-feeding fish snatching at some invisible late-season hatch. We stood silent, watching, until the bite of woodsmoke tinged the evening. We felt the shadow lengthening across the bridge and knew it was time to drive on to our night's lodging.

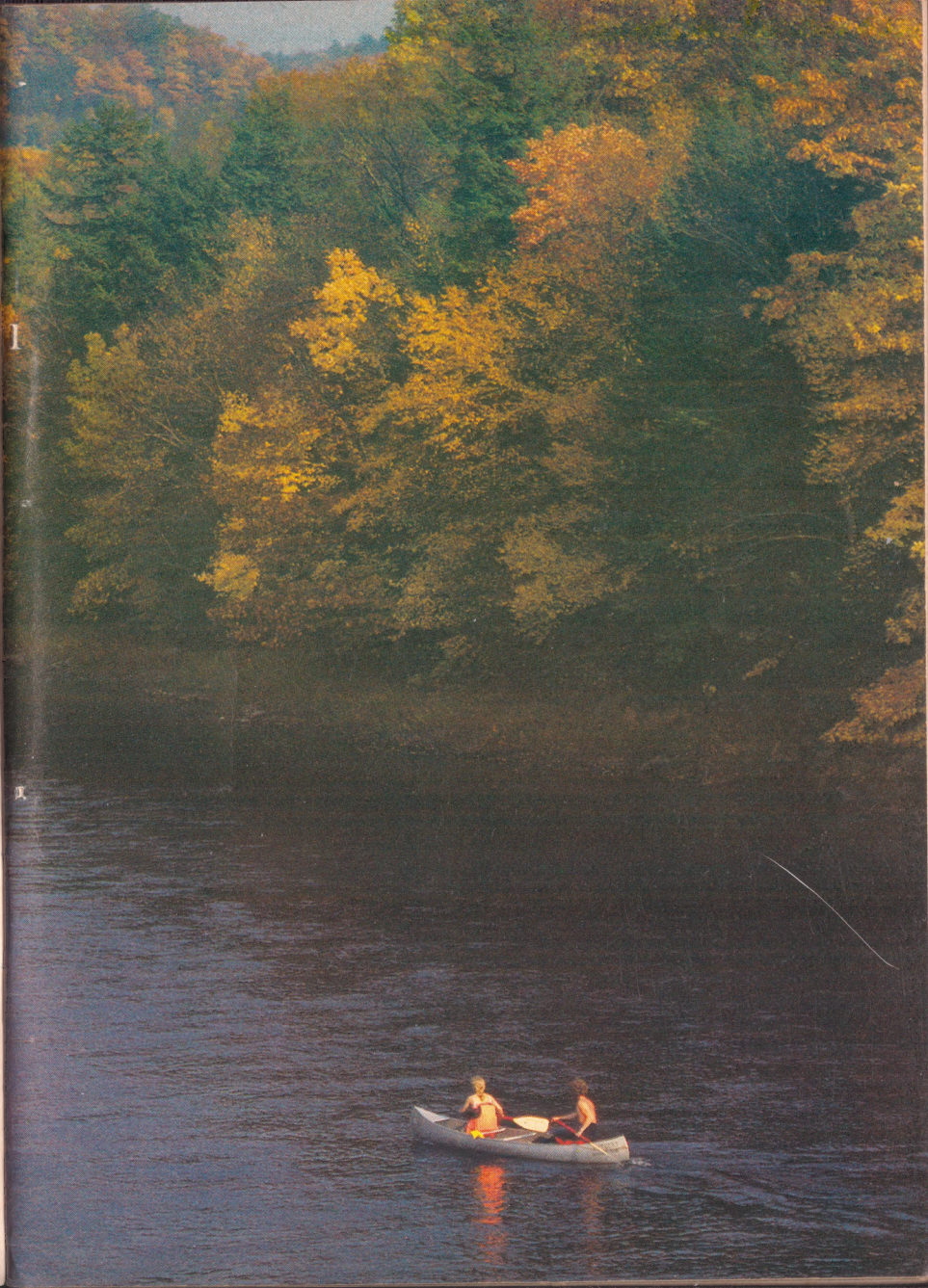
It was one of many magical mo-

ments we have experienced in the clefts and valleys of the Upper Delaware River, a region preferred by humankind since the earliest population of the continent, but which somehow retains a feeling of wilderness. The last mountain lion seen thereabouts was killed in 1820, but walking through the dense forests you sometimes experience the hackle-raising sensation that one may be watching you.

What is truly amazing is that the beginnings of this wondrous area are only 2½ hours from the strictures of Manhattan.

Beginning at Port Jervis, New York, State Highway 97 takes a serpentine and sometimes torturous swing north, clinging to the sides of the ancient mountains, by and large following the course of the river. And when it swings momentarily away, there are unnamed and unnumbered country lanes and roads that swiftly take you back to the water's edge.

The stretch from Port Jervis to Hancock, where the river's east and west branches join to form the main stream, encompasses a quaint district of attractions, from timeless villages





like Equinunk to plush Catskill resorts like Grossinger's and the Concord, to feeder streams revered in the pantheon of fly fishing.

The area is sufficiently wild and beautiful to have been declared a Scenic and Recreational River by Congress under the National Wild and Scenic Rivers Act, and its involvement in the history of our nation runs the gamut from Revolutionary War-era Fort Delaware to the flower-child-strewn fields of the Woodstock Festival near Bethel.

The whole of it can be covered in a day, but with the prospect of comfortable inns and homecooked meals, we never make it less than a weekend.

I must confess, we have never stayed at one of the famous "Borscht

Belt" hotels, although it is said that even King Baudouin of Belgium once did so under an assumed name just for the experience.

Our personal preference runs to homier digs such as the Antrim Lodge in Roscoe. The Antrim's furnishings are what may be described as "early attic," but it is clean and cheap (\$8 per night, single), and its restaurant draws a clientele from far afield. Situated in the basement of the building, the main dining room is a warmly embracing chamber featuring old prints of trout and trout flies and when the menu says "fresh corn" you can believe it.

Of course, the Antrim Lodge has another appeal to us: Junction Pool, where the Beaverkill and Willowemoc

rivers meet, is but a long, double-haul cast from its front door. Also nearby is the fabled Neversink River, and down the road a hoot and a holler is Livingston Manor, the self-proclaimed "Trout Capital of New York."

Eventually, a rambling drive up Highway 97 brings you to Cannonsville Reservoir, one of many huge impoundments supplying the City of New York with its drinking water. Fishing here, as on the others, is by permit only.

Angling in the feeder streams on both the New York and Pennsylvania sides is governed by those respective states, and fishing in the Delaware may be done with a license from either state — making it doubly important to take note of which bank you're standing on.

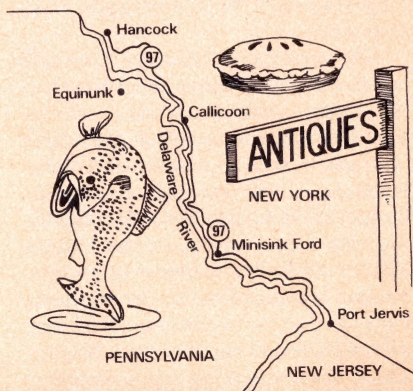
Venerated fishing streams notwithstanding, the valley draws thousands of hikers and canoeists annually. From Hancock south, there are many canoe rental shops along Highway 97. Most charge about \$12 per day during the week and \$15 on weekends. The journey is an easy drift with a few rushes of white water to keep it from being soporific. For your money, you get hours of peaceful communion with a truly lovely body of water.

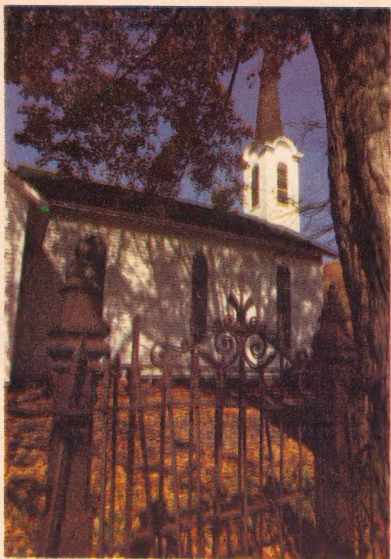
Hunters come here, too — hunters of many stripes. In winter, when the trees are stripped of their foliage and the deer come down off the mountains seeking forage, gunners fill their camps with macho conviviality. In summer, the hunters are more likely

to be urban couples in station wagons poking around garage sales and backyard antique shops looking for a priceless bargain.

Mostly, it is an area for aimless meanderings and quiet contemplation, a haven for the true tourist. Roads with no designations may lead you down into such delights as Lordville, a hamlet with a beautiful old church and a spidery suspension bridge. Or Equinunk, where our visits are usually timed to coincide with High Tea so we may indulge in the homemade pies at the Village Barn Restaurant.

Much of the charm of the area is related to this kind of atmosphere, a rusticity that seems elusive or even extinct to jaded urbanites. Norman Rockwell Americana is preserved in living dioramas: girls in pigtails roller skating down elm-shaded sidewalks in the town of Deposit; an old man in





galoshes hosing off the family sedan; a teenager in jeans sitting on the railing of a rickety bridge, wrapped in fantasies of tomorrow. And from the parlor of a Victorian house in Callicoon, the fragile notes of the scale floating from a piano.

The glaciers of history have deposited a rich moraine of artifacts in the Upper Delaware Valley such as Fort Delaware, a replica of a pre-Revolutionary War stockade, and John Roebling's 140-year-old suspension bridge at Minisink Ford. Reputedly the oldest such bridge in the United States, the bridge is closed at present but has been acquired by the National Park Service for restoration. Roebling went on to build the Brooklyn Bridge, which bears a striking resemblance to

the much smaller and cruder Minisink Ford bridge. (For additional information, you may write to the National Park Service, P. O. Box C, Narrowsburg, New York 12764.

Other places of historical interest include the Sullivan County Historical Museum in Hurleyville (a short side trip), the Minisink Battleground Memorial Park (honoring a bloody skirmish between colonists and Tory-led Mohawks), and a plethora of fascinating old cemeteries, especially the Overlook Cemetery in Damascus.

The heart of the area is called Cushetunk, so named by the Leni-Lenape Indians and first settled by white men in the 18th century when a band of New England settlers forsook that harsh soil in search of better farmland.

Antiques, as mentioned, are a primary attraction to outsiders. In recognition of this, there are three major antique shows annually in Sullivan County alone. Write to the Sullivan County Office of Public Information, Government Center, Monticello, New York 12701, for information.

The Upper Delaware has always been a hospitable place, drawing first the hunters and then the settlers, emerging subtly altered, perhaps, but largely unscathed by colonial battles, by the brawls of rivermen who brought huge rafts of logs down its waters, and by repeated incursions of modern sightseers.

The Upper Delaware has accommodated all without losing one iota of attraction. □

Fill 'er Up With the Proper Gasoline

by Erika F. Gentry

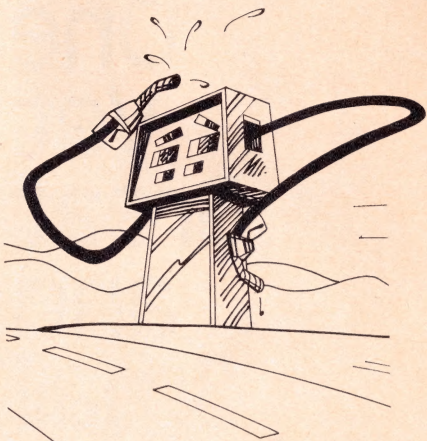
IF YOU are tempted to save a few cents per gallon by using leaded gasoline in your catalyst-equipped vehicle, don't. Not only may it be illegal, but it can cost you dollars in expensive repairs.

People who alter emission-control parts or the fuel filler-neck, or who use a funnel or other means to use leaded gasoline when they are not supposed to, risk running into some unpleasant eye-openers.

For one thing, they risk getting caught. Many cities and states already have emission inspection and maintenance programs, and many more are expected to have such programs. Owners will be required to have their vehicles inspected and emissions tested regularly. It will be difficult, if not impossible, for catalyst-equipped vehicles that have been improperly fueled with leaded gasoline to pass these tests. In many areas, altered emission-control systems will have to be corrected at the owner's expense before the vehicle's registration can be renewed.

In addition, the manufacturer's warranty may not apply to a claim if the emission part has been altered or it is apparent that the car has been fueled improperly with leaded gasoline.

Finally, continuous use of leaded



gasoline can result in the catalyst being plugged with lead deposits. This could cause poor performance as well as reduced fuel economy. The deposits also may contribute to spark plug fouling and may make it necessary to clean the plugs more often than normal. So don't be penny-wise and dollar-foolish with your car or truck. It's your responsibility to make sure that it is properly maintained and used. Follow the recommended maintenance schedule carefully. It can offer lots of advantages in terms of performance and fuel economy, and assure continued warranty coverage. Also, proper vehicle maintenance and use can help in our nation's efforts to control air pollution.

Take care of your car. And fill 'er up with the proper gasoline. □

One Vet Great and Small

Elaine Painter has changed
some opinions about
woman's place in eastern
Kentucky, but it hasn't
been easy

story and photos
by Diane K. Gentry

UPPOSSUM TROT Hollow in eastern Kentucky's Appalachia, a puffy, middle-aged woman paced silently in white tennis shoes and brightly striped wool socks, her pink bathrobe blowing in the wind. Her face, framed by a bulging curler cap, wrinkled into a skeptical frown. The old character followed every move of the new lady veterinarian, 27-year-old Elaine Painter, D.V.M., as she assembled instruments around the family horse she had come to castrate. Elaine gave the animal a shot in the neck to tranquilize him. Instantly, the old mountain woman uttered her first words, "Lady, you've got the wrong end!"

In this land of steep, moody mountains sliced by creeks, people have traditionally been cut off from mainstream America, growing up independently, and often refreshingly, different. They improvised their own animal care. At first glimpse, the frail-looking, blond, five-foot two-inch, 110-pound lady "doc," who had moved in among them to start her practice in October 1978, didn't inspire confidence.

Elaine had several big strikes against her. First, she was a woman. Women are supposed to stay home, not meddle in strangers' barnyards. (One mountain man was so embarrassed when Elaine appeared to artificially inseminate his milk cow that he ordered his wife and daughter into the house, then turned his head while he held the cow). Secondly, Elaine was an outsider. A "flatlander" from Indiana. It made no difference that she



grew up the eldest of seven children on a swine and Jersey farm and graduated from Purdue vet school in May 1977. In the mountains credentials don't mean much. You have to prove your worth with muscle. How could such a tiny woman wrestle a family sow? They decided to test her.

A farmer with a 250-pound sow

that wouldn't eat called Elaine for the first time. When she arrived, he pointed to the pig pen, uttering only the necessary words, "My pig's sick. Find out what's wrong." Instead of accompanying her, he stayed outside, leaning against the fence casually biting off a chew of Red Man and watching unemotionally as Elaine

plunged boot-top deep in mud and manure chasing the feisty creature. Pigs in the area catch an upper respiratory infection like the flu when the weather changes. A shot will cure them, but it's no easy proposition for one person to catch a slippery sow. Like a rodeo cowboy lassoing a runaway calf as the stopwatch ticks, Elaine hooked the sow with a looped hog catcher and in one quick motion poked in the needle and its juice simultaneously without getting trampled or squeezed against the fence.

It wasn't long before the farmer called her again to treat another pig. This time he oozed with Southern hospitality. "I'll catch the pig," he offered gallantly. "I wouldn't want you to get all dirty."

As Elaine's reputation spread from farm to farm, her calls doubled each month. Ten or 15 years ago, there were no veterinarians in the area. The people treated their own animals. Some lived. Some died. Elaine is still one of only two vets practicing in a 50-mile radius of Lotts Creek where she and husband Terry, an engineer, are turning 40 acres into a farm. "These people aren't veterinary educated, but they aren't dumb," Elaine says. "I respect their ways because there's a lot of good foundation there. Motor oil and sulphur is a traumatic cure for mange on dogs, but warm water, Epsom salts and tender love and care can do more for some wounds than all the antibiotics and shots in the world. Put good medicine in the hands of mountain people and add their diligent

nursing care and you really have something.

"I didn't come to Appalachia to make tons of money. I came to enjoy veterinary medicine in a place that really needed me. I'm doing the same things that James Herriot did in England 30 years ago. Forget specialization. Here I treat everything almost anywhere." Elaine recently performed emergency surgery on a Doberman on a metal ironing board while the family finished Sunday dinner.

Although Elaine maintains a small storefront clinic in Hindman, population 900, where she sees dogs and cats during weekday afternoon office hours, the majority of her business is on remote mountain farms. Her rural beat includes the dark barns and muddy hog lots of Quicksand, Thousand Sticks, Mousie, Dismal Branch, Frogtown, High Hat and Soft Shell. Like the old-time general practitioner romanticized in novels, Elaine makes house calls to owners and their animals in distress almost any hour of the day or night, seven days a week.

Her lifeline to the animals is her four-wheel-drive Ford truck with a 1,600-pound fiberglass mobile veterinary clinic mounted in the bed. It has to plunge through creeks where there are likely to be no bridges, then climb up muddy, homemade mountain driveways. The clinic is equipped with hot and cold running water; a refrigerator for vaccines; lighted, latched drawers for all her instruments and medicines, and two remote spotlights for night work. Elaine carries a field



x-ray unit that uses Polaroid film, a portable gas anesthetic unit for surgery and a hand-held microscope to analyze samples on the spot.

Sometimes even the most modern veterinary equipment isn't enough. Last year when rivers were flooding, Elaine received an emergency call from Quicksand — a cow in trouble calving. The only way to the barn over the rushing creek was a tightrope walk across a sycamore log, instruments in hand. The barn had no electricity. Elaine performed surgery by flashlight in the available gloom, sav-

ing the cow. The farmer reclined on a hay bale watching Elaine's agony.

On most mountain farms, milk cows are family members. It was just after dawn on Sunday morning when a tearful Lois Williams called to say that Spot, their Guernsey, was sprawled in their barnyard and couldn't get up. Elaine splashed through bridgeless Troublesome Creek, then climbed the mountain in four-wheel drive to save time. Spot had milk fever. She was critical.

Mother and children lined the fence, heads down, knowing they



probably called too late. "Don't let her die," cried one son. The cure, administered in I.V. (intravenous) form, is tricky medicine. Just the right amount will bring a cow miraculously to her feet; a little too much will kill her instantly. Elaine started the I.V., then handed the bottle to Lois to hold in the air while she watched the animal respond. "That's enough," Elaine said, pulling out the needle. "Come on, girl!"

Stumbling onto her new-found legs, the cow rallied, even scampered a bit. Elaine popped three pink pills down her throat. Hiding the tablets under her tongue like an impish child, Spot proceeded to spit the pills in Elaine's face, then she chased Elaine out of the barnyard. The children

were so delighted they applauded.

"In almost every other part of the country, farmers worry more about their dairy herds as productive units than about individual animals. They'll leave a note for you to treat cow No. 35 and have her locked in a stanchion in the barn waiting for you. I found that terribly impersonal. I felt as much a slave to the farm industry as a tractor mechanic. Here I treat Bossie, Bessie and Spot. When the wife sees my truck from the kitchen window, she plugs the coffee pot in. I give a cow a pregnancy check and the family hands me a dish of homemade ice cream. It's wonderful."

You get the feeling the flatlander from Indiana is turning pure Kentucky mountaineer. □

A Face That Has Launched a Thousand Friendships

by Florence Logsdon Anderson



illustration by Thomas Sgouros

SOME PEOPLE are born beautiful, others inherit wealth and a few are gifted with great talent.

None of these things happened to me.

Instead God gave me something even better — a face that invites friendship and conversation.

Age, sex and social position have no bearing on my friendships. Creed, color and morals do not seem to count for much either.

In church, preachers watch my reactions to their sermons and question me about them later. Doctors take me into their confidence and clerks gladly refund my money or allow me to exchange sales items. Children invite me into their world and shady characters tell me their life stories.

I have yet to buy my own drink on an airplane or be seated at a bad table in a restaurant.

In Mexico, while my son haggled



with a clerk over the price of a bottle of tequila, the shop owner engaged me in conversation. As my son handed over \$7 for his purchase, the owner handed me a larger bottle of a more expensive brand. "For you the price is \$3 and see, Senora, it has the worm. The inferior ones do not."

It took my husband, Bob, some time to accept the fact that we would never have a quiet dinner in a public place, lose ourselves in a crowd or go unnoticed in strange surroundings.

We fish commercially in Alaska during the summers and our boat is the gathering place for fishermen and townspeople. I can walk the water-

fronts where most women dare not venture and encounter only friendship and respect.

My family and friends have opinions as to my affinity for strangers. "You look gullible." "You are nosey and it shows." Or, "People just look at you and know that you will believe anything that they tell you."

I treasure the reason implied by my friend, Doris, many years ago. We were working nights and stopped at a restaurant for breakfast before going home. Passengers from a convention bus were also eating there and I was soon discussing ranching with several Nebraska cattlemen and looking at

convention photos. Doris pried me away and muttered as we went out the door, "Why do you always get involved with people you don't know? Strangers never talk to me. I don't know why they start conversations with you." Tired and annoyed I snapped that I didn't know either. "Maybe I look like the family pet." Immediately contrite, Doris made amends. "No, you don't. You always look like an intelligent lady, really you do."

I was on a lonely Iowa highway when the fan belt on my car broke. Three strange-appearing young men with pot-shot eyeballs came along and gave me a tow into the nearest town. They would take no pay and even offered me overnight lodging at their combination commune and pig farm if my car was not ready by nightfall, because, "You are an allright Lady."

"Don't let any cops get on your tail," a state patrolman warned me after a 10-minute conversation on top of a mountain pass in Washington state. He had stopped me because I had no license plates on my vehicle. It had slipped my mind when I bought the car in Chicago and I had driven all the way from there with only a Chicago city "in transit" sticker on the windshield. "If you came this far without being stopped I'm not even going to issue you a warning ticket. Stay on the back roads and I wish you luck."

Recently, having a face that others trust paid its greatest dividend. My youngest son, who was born with the blueprint of a racing engine on his

brain and a heart that pumps rpm's, was driving a hydroplane in competition at a nearby lake and I went along to watch. My grandsons alternated between sitting on my lap and playing along the waterfront.

Well away from the crowd, an autistic child squatted on the beach. He rocked back and forth, locked in his secret world, stopping only to take an occasional mouthful of sand. An older sister watched over him while their father competed in the races. "He's here every race day," my daughter-in-law told me. "He never speaks and will not look directly at anyone. If we come too close, he shrinks away and starts screaming."

I noticed that the boy seemed to be watching as my grandson left my lap and ran down to the beach but the races had started and I thought little of it. "Look," the woman in the next seat nudged me. "The little boy — he's coming this way." The races were forgotten as we watched the child inch his way through the crowd, carefully avoiding eye or body contact. Stopping at my chair, he gazed over my head for a moment, then dropped his eyes to mine and slowly slid onto my lap.

Overcome with awe, I gently slipped an arm around his waist and held him for a few minutes before he left to walk slowly back to his lonely place in the sand.

It was then that I realized that God had, indeed, given me something far more precious than beauty, talent or wealth. □

Pine Island Sound

Protected by four South-Seas-like barrier islands, this 200 square miles of peaceful coastal bay is an idyllic setting for those who love the outdoors

story and photos
by George X. Sand

THE NOSTALGIC WORDS "The way it was" are heard repeatedly these crowded, strenuous days. Not so often, however, in one placid corner of the South. There, in many quiet ways, yesterday is still today. And that's the way the residents and visitors to Pine Island Sound want it.

Unlike other waterfront land, the virgin shoreline of this bay in south Florida remains only about 15 percent settled.

Here in Lee County, on





Florida's lower Gulf Coast, emphasis remains upon things that were also important to preceding generations: God, successful marriage, the flag. For example, Sheriff Frank Wanicka and a quartet of fellow officers accept invitations regularly to sing hymns in churches throughout their jurisdiction. Ladies are still addressed as "Ma'am." And one can fish safely after dark from remote bridges with natives who likely will be barefoot and have names like "Bubba" and "Lorenzo."

Shallow Pine Island Sound is ideal for vacationers who enjoy fishing, boating, the beaches, wildlife (more than 100 kinds of birds), shelling and exploring. At the western edge of this big protected bay there is a 20-mile-long chain of four barrier islands that lie low in the Gulf of Mexico. The southernmost of these, Sanibel — famous for its shells — is reached via a 3½-mile causeway across San Carlos Bay. The eastern end of the causeway connects with State Highway 867 to Fort Myers, 15 miles east.

(Nearly all the Sound's shoreline development is on Sanibel Island, a peaceful refuge for those who enjoy its quaint shops and restaurants. Construction height is limited to 35 feet. There are no tall buildings on the shores of Pine Island Sound.)

The four South-Seas-like barrier islands offer safe beaches that are continually washed by gentle surf. The dazzling white strands are fringed by coconut palms and sea oats. The two northernmost of the islands, North Captiva and Cayo Costa, were recently purchased by the State of Florida for public enjoyment. Visitors can reach them by renting boats or launching their own from marinas or public ramps at the two

southernmost islands.

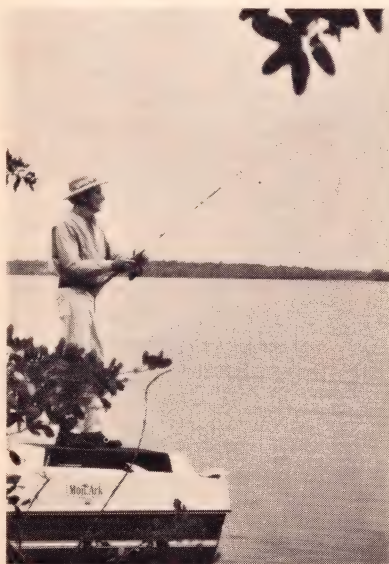
One of the bridgeless islands, Cayo Costa, is the largest undeveloped barrier island left in Florida. There visitors will discover the only excavators to be large doe-eyed gopher tortoises who dig burrow homes in the sand. The island's only builders are eagles and ospreys making their nests.

Between these beautiful barrier beaches and the mainland are scattered dozens of smaller mangrove islands. The largest of these, 20-mile-long Pine Island, has a quaint waterfront fishing and retirement village at each end (Bokeelia and St. James City). This island forms the western shoreline of the sound and is reached via bridged Florida Highway 78 that connects with U.S. 41 in North Fort Myers.

Good place to catch snook

More big snook (robalo) have been taken from the Pine Island highway bridge across Matlacha Pass than likely have been caught from any other span in Florida. Native and visiting anglers can be found fishing here at all hours of the day or night.

It was the fine tarpon fishing, however, that lured the first visitors to Pine Island Sound. In the 1880s a New York angler landed the first tarpon ever caught anywhere with rod and reel. About this time, too, a group of sportsmen with incredible wealth and impeccable credentials built a small village, Boca Grande, at the sound's north end where it joins with another big body of protected water,





Charlotte Harbor Sound. The newcomers did this so they could enjoy in the inlet what many expert anglers still believe to be the world's finest tarpon sport.

This deep inlet, Boca Grande Pass, drains both these big bays into the Gulf of Mexico and the tarpon feed upon the shrimp and other natural food that are carried through the pass by the tides.

It was the fine Pine Island Sound fishing that convinced my wife, Lou, and me to move to Fort Myers seven years ago. An angling friend had assured me he'd caught half a hundred different kinds of saltwater fish while wading in the shallow bay, each time

casting the same type of small yellow bucktail jig.

Lou and I usually trailer a small outboard boat to the modern and free launching ramp at Punta Rassa, located at the mainland end of the Sanibel causeway. We like to drift lazily, casting small top-water spinning lures for tasty spotted weakfish — one- to three-pound sea trout that closely resemble rainbow trout.

Favorite sites for this are the grassy shoals found just inside Redfish Pass, the inlet between Captiva and North Captiva barrier islands, and the grass beds beneath the elevated power lines extending from Pine Island to Sanibel Island.

Spring and fall are best

Fishing is good in the sound the year-round (but best in spring and fall) for redfish, mangrove snapper, sheepshead, cobia, grouper, tripletail. In season, Spanish and king mackerel and other game fish swim in the passes and along the beaches.

Likely you will encounter less than half a dozen other boats during a peaceful morning or afternoon spent on these protected waters. Herons and other long-legged wading birds reflect the relaxed mood.

The birds stand motionless on sand and oyster bars, exchanging avian gossip. Or perhaps they watch with unwinking eyes the occasional passing of some commercial fisherman in his battered work boat as he putters home at sundown.

It is this closing hour that Lou and



I particularly enjoy on the sound. The Florida Gulf Coast is well known for its great burning sunsets — particularly in summer, when the sea's entire horizon seems set ablaze. And it is while these brilliant sky fires are dying away, while the sound's tiny green and ruby-red navigation lights start to wink on here and there in the distance, that my wife and I stop fishing, or swimming, or whatever, to seek some small favorite island for a cook-out.

After that we may spend the night camping beneath bright stars on some sugar-white island beach. For lunch next day, we may stop at an inn on Cabbage Key — an island known for catering to boaters. The restaurant is part of a home that was built on the island in 1938 by the son of Mary

Roberts Rhinehart. It is said this mystery writer wrote some of her most famous novels in this isolated island setting.

Useppa privately owned

Another island, nearby Useppa, was purchased in the late 1880s by Chicago streetcar magnate John Roach. There, on the 80-acre island, the tycoon built a huge Victorian inn, still standing. Before its financial failure in the 1930s, the big inn hosted notables such as President Teddy Roosevelt, author Zane Grey, and movie star Gloria Swanson and other film celebrities. Much later, it is said, clandestine operations took place on the now privately owned island as Cuban refugees were trained in its jungle growths for what would become the

ill-fated Bay of Pigs invasion.

Captiva Island is said to have been named thus because the notorious pirate, Gasparilla, kept his fairest captives there.

One does not need a boat, however, to enjoy the relaxed atmosphere of Pine Island Sound. For a firsthand view of the area's wildlife, including alligators and exotic birds, motorists can conduct their own driving tour any day through the 5,000-acre Ding Darling National Wildlife Refuge on Sanibel Island (no charge). The drive across the island-hopping Sanibel causeway is breathtakingly beautiful.

The nearby inland cities of Fort Myers and Cape Coral, on opposite shores of the Caloosahatchee River (which empties into the Sound at its south end) are tourist-oriented and offer the usual Florida attractions and accommodations.

However, it is remote Pine Island on the western edge of the sound (a 45-minute drive to Fort Myers and big stores) that seems to cling most stubbornly to yesteryear. On this big pine- and mangrove-covered island with its four small communities (Pine-land and Matlacha are the other two), some 350 commercial fishermen and their families share the peaceful life with retirees from all levels of American life, most of whom live in mobile homes.

Typical of such retirees are Cliff and May Richardson who conduct sightseeing tours of the island each winter for the benefit of visitors. The Richardsons are long-time expert bird

photographers and lecturers. They specialize in making eagle surveys for the federal government. They are also what Cliff smilingly calls FBI members (Florida Bums, Inc.).

"For 10 years we traveled everywhere, living in our mobile homes, looking for the ideal spot to settle down," says Cliff. "We camped in every county in Florida until we discovered Pine Island. There's just no other place like it."

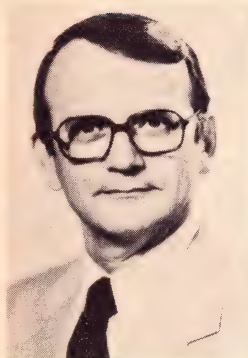
Social life abounds

This pride, almost fierce at times, is reflected by other Pine Islanders. They appreciate the freedom for living that the island affords them (lack of building and other restrictions). True, stores, restaurants and entertainment facilities are limited (the first liquor license has yet to be issued on Pine Island). But the contented residents compensate for the island's shortcomings with barbecues, dances, fishing, card games and other diversions.

Recently, when it was jokingly suggested by some residents that Pine Island secede from Lee County, there were a surprising number in favor of this impractical idea.

"Don't turn up your nose at our island!" recently warned a retired-actor resident. "It's not Sanibel, but it's just what we want. Where, for instance, can you live in a Florida-waterfront home for less than \$40,000?"

Where, indeed, even if it is a mobile home. □



Planning the World Car

by Louis R. Ross
executive vice president,
Car Product Development Group,
Ford Motor Company

Adapted from remarks at the fifth annual Automotive News World Congress held recently in Dearborn, Michigan.

W E AT FORD view a World Car as one planned, designed and engineered by international teams of technical experts drawing on the best technology and talent available in a worldwide corporation.

The end result is a car with a uniform engineering philosophy, but with sufficient commonality in component design to permit optimizing the company's production resources, including economies of scale in manufacturing and assembly. Also, the philosophical design uniformity must permit the minor sheet-metal and component differences required to meet local marketing needs and government requirements in countries where the World Car is produced.

This part of the World Car project poses some tough questions: Should you design for the most stringent requirements and modify down to each nation's needs, or should you design for each nation at the start? In this country, of course, we have special attitude requirements on emissions,

five-mile-per-hour bumper standards, and so forth. A set of uniform international vehicle test standards would be greatly beneficial in the development of future World Cars.

And how about the worldwide market differences? In North America, we optimize automatic transmissions, power steering, air conditioning and a boulevard ride, with left-hand drive. In Europe, they optimize manual transmissions, no power steering or air conditioning, a right-hand as well as a left-hand drive, and tight handling characteristics.

We at Ford don't believe you make a World Car simply by moving pieces of metal around the world or by complicated sourcing patterns.

We don't believe you have a World Car just by selling it in many different countries, either.

Ford is in a unique position to satisfy the World Car definition. As the leader among U.S. manufacturers in worldwide markets outside North America, we can draw on our proven

strengths in engineering and designing cars and trucks for markets around the world.

This is important to Ford stockholders, employees, dealers and suppliers, as well as to scholars, government planners and other influential people, because it provides a superior product that meets the social and transportation needs of the nations in which it is sold. Ford's new Escort, for example, fulfills the modern definition of World Car.

As to why an auto company would want to build a World Car, you need only take a quick look at the state of the U.S. auto industry today. The industry is undergoing the most massive and profound industrial revolution in peacetime history to develop products right for the 1980s.

A number of significant economic and political factors have combined to create an increasingly homogeneous auto market — and pave the way for Ford's World Car. Prime among them is energy — both its price and its availability.

Up to now, a World Car really was impossible because American cars and European cars had almost nothing in common. The weight of an average American car was about 4,000 pounds and the weight of an average European car was about 2,000 pounds. Now, our cars are getting close to that 2,000-pound figure, which is more in line with the rest of the world.

On the economic front, inflation, investment uncertainties and soaring costs of doing business necessitate

maximum efficiency and economies of scale. Producing a World Car provides a better allocation of our energy and company resources. It helps reduce the design, engineering and manufacturing costs. Beyond that, the multiple input from many nations results in better design and engineering of the product. And, the worldwide sourcing helps the balance of trade and protects against supply disruptions from any one source that would hamper the overall program. However, I would like to point out that the North American Escort is sourced about 95 percent in North America.

Saving money is important to us — but that's not really what the World Car is all about. The important thing is that we are producing a better product that is more competitive both at home and abroad. Still, by implementing a common North American and European World Car program — which includes a new Escort also to be introduced by our European operations this fall — our company savings on engineering, tools, facilities and launching costs will range to the \$150-million mark.

Finally, it is clear that if auto companies are to play a major part in new and expanding markets around the world, they must contribute to the economies of the countries in which they do business. Many countries now require local manufacture of at least some parts, and this could provide opportunities for cross-sourcing of components processed on a high-volume, efficient basis anywhere in the world. □



Wichita

From Peerless Princess
of the Plains to Air
Capital of the World



by John E. Brown

illustrations by Harvey Kidder

A PSYCHIC has received premonitions that within the next decade the seat of the U.S. government will be moved to caverns under Wichita. Maybe so. Thus far, no one around Wichita knows of any caverns.

The city's name is borrowed from the Wichita Indians, who were collected during the Civil War from their scattered camping grounds in Texas and brought to Kansas to live on Osage territory at the junction of the Big and Little Arkansas rivers. Other Indian tribes used the word "Wichita" to mean "tattooed faces" or "scattered lodges." Not a great deal of similarity in those meanings, and now nobody is certain what the word implies.

In Wichita those are the *Arkansas* rivers. Never, never the *Arkansaw* rivers.

Billy the Kid — real name, Henry McCarty — killed 21 men in the Wild West before Sheriff Pat Garret gunned him down. Billy was 22 years old. His mother — "the widow McCarty" — was the only woman to sign the petition for Wichita's incorporation as a city.

Wichita's Riverside and Suburban Railway, built in 1888, was one of the first successful car lines in the world. The cars held 24 passengers and sped along Wichita streets at 22 miles per hour until World War I.

Painter John Noble, the American Impressionist, was born in Wichita. He lived in France for 20 years, where he walked the streets in chaps, a snakeskin vest, a white sombrero and two six-shooters. Before he went

to Europe, he painted a mural, *Cleopatra at the Bath*, for Wichita's Carey House Hotel. The mural was supposed to distract solitary drinkers at the hotel's bar.

On December 27, 1900, Carrie Nation attacked the Carey House saloon with billiard balls and a club. She broke bottles and mirrors and nearly ruined Noble's mural. The city jail hosted the Prohibitionist grandmother for two weeks. The mural was repaired, rehung and again received the toast of many a drinker. The hotel is

Henry McCarty, alias Billy the Kid



still standing, and plans call for its rejuvenation as part of a downtown Wichita improvement project. The mural has disappeared.

W. C. Coleman abandoned plans for a legal career and moved to Wichita in 1901 to devote full time to a pressurized gasoline lamp. Today, Coleman lanterns, made in Wichita, are sold all over the world.

A. A. Hyde, a bank teller, became convinced of the healing properties of menthol, experimented in his Wichita home, combining menthol and petroleum jelly until he produced Mentholatum. His skin ointment has stood on pharmacy shelves for 50 years.

For a time Wichita produced its own automobile, the heralded Jones Light Six. It didn't last. In 1920, Wichita produced the Swallow, the country's first commercial airplane. It didn't last, either.

In 1925, Clyde Cessna and Walter Beech were officers of Wichita's Travel Air Corporation. Later, both men founded companies that did last. Cessna Aircraft and Beech Aircraft, along with Gates-Learjet, today produce 65 percent of the general aviation aircraft in the free world. Complementing these companies is the Boeing Wichita Company, which builds commercial and military aircraft.

Agriculture is big business for Wichita, too. Not the postage-stamp-sized farms you see in New England, but spreads that average more than 600 acres each — a square mile waving amber with grain! Garvey Eleva-



Wichita's Century II complex includes auditorium, library, riverfront park

tor is the world's largest single-unit grain elevator; it holds 45 million bushels.

Two other "world's largest": The Institute of Logopedics is the world's largest speech and hearing rehabilitation center. Chance Manufacturing, headquartered in Wichita, is the world's largest amusement park ride manufacturer.

Wichita has its celebrities, too.

The inscrutable Oriental detective Charlie Chan was played in the movies by Wichitan Sidney Toler, the open-faced son of a Midwestern theatre owner.

Hattie McDaniel won an Academy Award for her portrayal of Mammy in *Gone With the Wind*. Hattie and

her mom lived in Wichita.

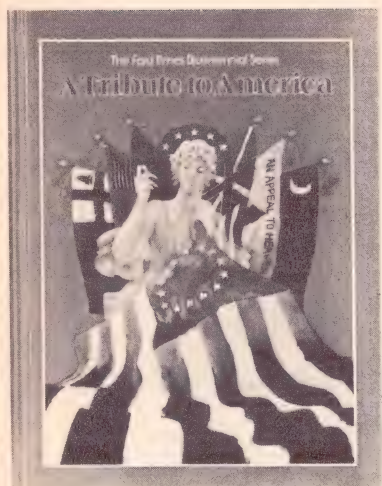
Wichitan John Cameron Swayze won national acclaim as a news analyst who subjected Timex watches to numerous torture tests.

Jazz great Stan Kenton was born in Wichita.

Jim Ryun was still a schoolboy at Wichita East High School when he ran a mile in less than four minutes. He later established world records in both the mile and half-mile.

Alliterative early Wichitans referred to their city as "Peerless Princess of the Plains" and "Athletic Ajax of the Aboundful Arkansas."

Twentieth-century Wichitans are content with "Air Capital of the World." □



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A Way to Get People Pulling Together

by Anne Geslin



**Making old-fashioned taffy with these recipes
not only has social value but can satisfy
your sweet tooth as well**

illustrations by Linda Meek Ervine

IT ALL STARTED with molasses, that dark, syrupy stage in the refining of sugar that was so tangled with our early history and economics. Cooks came to understand how boiled-down molasses acts at various stages, and one day long ago, in pre-Revolution-

ary times, pulled candy was born.

Right from the beginning, candy pulling was seen to have social value. Parties were given where taffy pulling was the main event. Young swains pulled with their girls, and children pulled with each other. Whole fami-

lies pulled together. A show-off could do it all by himself, if he was strong enough to manage the candy mass in the later stages of the operation when it stiffened markedly. Or anybody could do it alone by pulling the stiff, elastic taffy over a coat hook — but what was the fun of that?

Pulling taffy promoted intimacy between people. Taffy's sticky texture early in the process made it necessary for the pullers to butter their hands to handle it — all very satisfyingly messy. The event ended with an orgy of candy eating.

As a spirit liberator, taffy making isn't perfect. There are some rules. Boiled too briefly, the molasses won't harden properly as it is worked. It will end up covering your hands, at which point you can either nibble it off or dissolve it off with water.

Then, too, the boiled-down syrup is murderously hot. It will cling to what it touches, so burns from the slopped syrup have to be avoided. Important



Rule: No horsing around while the syrup is poured!

For an hour's fun and silliness, try these recipes:

Molasses Taffy

- 1 cup molasses (light or dark)
- 2 teaspoons vinegar
- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons butter
- 1 teaspoon vanilla, optional

Combine molasses, vinegar, sugar and salt in large pan. Over medium heat stir with wooden spoon until sugar is dissolved. Lower heat and cover pan for a moment to steam-dissolve any sugar crystals clinging to side of pan. Uncover and continue to cook at a steady, moderate boil until the firm ball stage (240°). Stir in butter and vanilla and continue to boil until soft crack stage (270°). A sample poured into a cup of cold water will produce a thread that is firm but not brittle. Remove pan to cool spot to cool slightly. Pour onto buttered oven-proof platter being careful to pour away from the face. Do not scrape the pan. Allow to cool about 15 minutes. As the edges begin to stiffen, start turning edges over toward center with heavy spatula. Keep turning and folding slowly until the candy is cool enough to handle comfortably. When the mass can be handled, using buttered hands, start pulling to about 18 inches, then bringing ends together. Keep pulling and doubling until you feel it stiffening. Form into a long rope, lay on board sprinkled with corn starch and

with scissors, cut into 1-inch pieces. Roll around in corn starch, dust off excess and store in airtight container.

Old-Fashioned Molasses Taffy*

- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup molasses
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup light corn syrup
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups firmly packed brown sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons vinegar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon soda
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine

Combine molasses, syrup, sugar, vinegar, water and salt in large, heavy saucepan, stirring until sugar dissolves over low heat. Cook, stirring occasionally, until mixture reaches 265° on candy thermometer. Remove from heat and stir in soda and butter. Pour into large, buttered, shallow pan and let cool until you can handle it, about 15 minutes. Turn edges into center as it cools. Butter your finger tips, cut off pieces of candy and pull and twist until candy changes color to bronze. Twist in shape or cut in 1-inch pieces with scissors dipped in cold water. Wrap in plastic paper. Makes 150 pieces.

A good, vigorous taffy pull is bracing, friendly fun. It is an activity worth a revival at a time when home entertainments are popular once again. Besides, there isn't a sweet tooth around that can resist biting into the results. □

**This Old-Fashioned Molasses Taffy is from Mary Meade's Country Cookbook.*



IT WAS ONE of those hot, cloudless days so typical of New Mexico during the summer, and I was poking around the western portion of that state in the vicinity of the Acoma Pueblo. The humidity was about four or five percent, which allowed the perspiration to dry the instant it formed. This made the heat, which hovered in the high 90s, almost bearable. This old world and I were both a quarter of a century younger and if you wanted to cross New Mexico you took Route 66 — Interstate Highway 40 had not yet even reached the drawing boards from the minds of future-planning highway engineers.

I had been fussing along Route 66 for several days since leaving Flagstaff, Arizona, exploring side roads and dry washes as the spirit moved me. And on this particular day I had driven my pickup up a dry wash about a half dozen miles from the high mesa on top of which sits the Acoma

Pueblo, a place of Indian habitation the archeologists say has existed since at least 1200 A.D.

As my pickup bounced along that dry wash, my thoughts shifted from the Okie western migration along Route 66 during the 1930s, which was so graphically recorded in Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, to what it was like five, six, seven hundred years ago in this region before the advent of the white man. What traces of that pre-Columbian life still existed among those hundreds of people in their fortress-like village atop that mesa? They had survived numberless attacks by bands of Indians coming down from the north, had survived the Spaniards, the early settlers. With such a history, was it not just possible they would also survive that most implacable enemy of all, the civilization of the 20th century?

I reached a place in the dry wash so choked with boulders and other ancient debris that even my four-wheel-drive pickup couldn't go on. So I parked, took a canteen of water and continued on foot for a couple of miles.

Reaching a miniature valley shaded by an overhanging cliff, I

Daniel Panger is minister of the First Unitarian Church of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and author of The Dance of the Wild Mouse, a novel published last year by Entwhistle Books, Glen Ellen, California.

The Indian and the Wolf

by Daniel Panger

illustrations by Michael Green



found a patch of fine sand the size of a king-sized bed; it was irresistible. I stretched out, covered my face with my hat and drifted to that delicious state of mind exactly between awake and asleep. I must have crossed over the invisible line when I felt myself being dragged back into wakefulness.

A sound that could have been made only by a wild animal was coming from the other side of a clump of bushes guarding the far end of this little valley. I was certain it was an animal sound, but unsure as to the species. Curious and not wanting to alarm the creature, I moved forward cautiously until I reached a place protected by bushes and a stand of cactus where I could see without being seen.

Naked to the waist and resting on his haunches was a powerfully built Indian. His hair was an iron gray. He leaned over a blood-spattered animal that lay on his leather shirt. Bits of blood besprinkled the Indian's arms and hands.

At first glance I thought I was witnessing some sort of sacrificial rite, and I experienced a wave of uneasiness that bordered on anger. But within several moments my feelings totally changed as I saw the Indian pull from the creature's side a thorn approximately the length of my middle finger. The animal shuddered and the Indian made a sound in his throat and chest that the creature appeared to understand.

With great gentleness, the Indian's fingers again searched the wounded animal — a small wolf that had somehow gotten tangled in the cactus, for I noticed tufts of fur and bits of blood clinging to a nearby clump. He extracted a second thorn longer than the first and the wolf bared his fangs. Again the Indian comforted the animal with the sound and it lowered its lip and whimpered softly.

A little time passed with both the Indian and the wolf motionless; they could have been statues of stone, what with the way the sunlight was reflected off the cliffs onto them. Then



the Indian stroked the creature with his hand. I half expected the wolf to rise to its feet, still bleeding, and lope away. But the creature only quivered and its breathing grew more shallow.

Using great care and strength, the Indian forced open the wolf's jaws — exposing its yellow teeth and purple tongue — and breathed into the creature's mouth. The wolf struggled, scratching with its feet. Then the Indian blew first in its one ear, then in the other, until the beast grew calm. The wolf opened its eyes wide and looked into the eyes of the Indian. I had no doubt but that the wolf understood the man. Then the wolf coughed, and its tongue lolled out and it stiffened and it died.

The Indian laid his hands on the creature's heart, and after several moments he grabbed its front legs, rose up and, with a mighty heave, hurled the dead wolf into a gully a dozen feet distant. Using some dried leaves, he cleaned his leather shirt of blood, then shook it to free it of dirt and clinging twigs. After a stretch that caused his bones to creak, the Indian strode off without a backward glance. □

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

*In which you can find a little
bit of everything but gloves*

For Tom Mix Nostalgia Buffs — Thousands of Tom Mix followers are expected to converge on DuBois, Pennsylvania, October 9-12, to commemorate the centennial of the legendary cowboy-actor's birth. Mix was born nearby and became the idol of millions of movie goers during the silent and early sound screen era. He made more than 300 films from 1910 to 1935. Tom Mix movies and memorabilia will be shown, and a rodeo or circus is planned. For information, send a stamped return envelope to Tom Mix Festival, DuBois Chamber of Commerce, DuBois, Pennsylvania 15801, or telephone (814) 371-5010.

Vacationing on a Budget — If inflation blues are making you think twice about that much-needed vacation or special business trip, perhaps the 1980-1981 National Directory of Budget Motels can offer the solution. The directory lists more than 1,900 budget chain motels throughout the United States where overnight stays generally run from \$12 to \$17 for a single room (some even

lower), and \$2 and \$3 more for a one-bed double. The directory is available from Pilot Books, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016, at \$3.50 per copy, postpaid.

A Telephone Call Away — You can telephone toll-free the Arkansas Department of Parks & Tourism for a free vacation kit — 1-800-643-8383 (from out of state) or 1-800-482-8999 (in state).

Listen to a Book — Now you can listen to a rental book while commuting or taking a vacation trip if you have a cassette player in your car. Cassettes with narrations of the classics, history, popular novels, famous biographies and children's stories can be rented for 30 days. Fees range from \$4.95 to \$8.95. For a free catalog of offerings, write Cassette Book Library, P.O. Box 9100, Van Nuys, California 91409.

Adventure Machine at Renaissance Center — A 12-passenger computer-controlled motion simulator (KMS 2000) has been added for family entertainment at Detroit's Renaissance Center. KMS 2000 combines sight, sound and motion to rival rides on things such as a roller coaster, white water raft, speed boat and space capsule. The simulator also features 30 video and pinball games. For information, write Simulator Station, Second Level, Tower 200, Renaissance Center, Detroit, Michigan 48243. □

ESCORT

Sleek-Surfaced for Better Fuel-Efficiency

by Michael E. Maattala

FORD DESIGNERS WENT to such great lengths to refine the aerodynamics of the Escort — the company's new World Car debuting this fall — that they developed their own term for the process: Airflow Management.

According to Donald F. Kopka, executive director of Ford's Advanced and International Design Studio, properly managing the air flow that a vehicle encounters has become a prime concern at Ford, and its importance increases as the company endeavors to build vehicles that are more fuel-efficient.

Said Kopka: "A lower air drag means less power is required to propel a vehicle, and the vehicle consumes less fuel. During our testing, we found that even at a speed as low as 50 miles per hour, a reduction of 10 percent in air drag gave us a five percent increase in fuel economy.

"We estimate that the cost of gaining one-tenth of a mile-per-gallon in the Corporate Average Fuel Economy (CAFE) is more than \$130 million. So when Airflow Management is integrated into the normal design process

of a new-vehicle program, such as Escort, it becomes one of the most cost-effective ways to improve fuel economy."

"When Airflow Management is integrated into the normal design process of a new-vehicle program, such as Escort, it becomes one of the most cost-effective ways to improve fuel economy."

Airflow Management techniques will account for about one mile per gallon in the metro-highway fuel economy of the Escort. Ford projects that by 1985 its CAFE will have been increased by a full two miles per gallon just through these techniques.

"The study of air flow characteristics traditionally has been described by the term aerodynamics," said Kopka. "All too often, however, it has been related solely to the reduction of air drag, which of course it is not. The

science of aerodynamics deals with all aspects of air flow — over, under, around and through the vehicle.

“Airflow Management is an extension of the science of aerodynamics. It is a name that is symbolic of a whole new era of fuel-efficiency advances at Ford. This term emphasizes both the active nature of the development process and the additional elements beyond drag that are involved, including vehicle lift, engine-cooling air flow, the interior and overall appearance.”

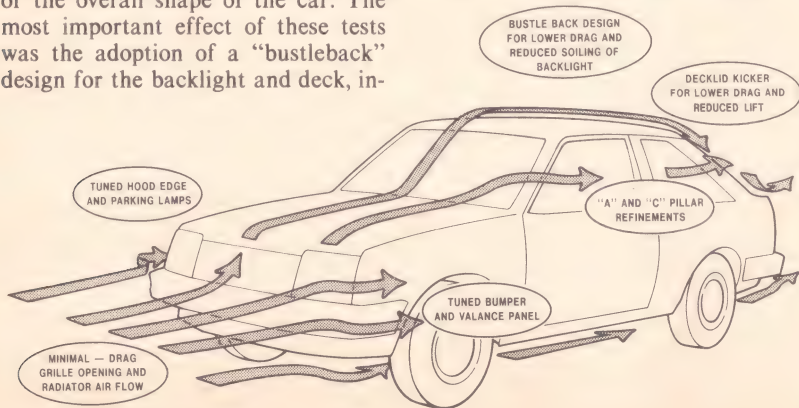
As applied to Escort, the Airflow Management process enabled Ford designers to incorporate aerodynamic refinement into the vehicle body itself. Although this was not the first application of Airflow Management to a Ford vehicle, it was the most thorough — with nearly every aerodynamic opportunity realized.

The Airflow Management process started early in the Escort program, with tests to assist in the development of the overall shape of the car. The most important effect of these tests was the adoption of a “bustleback” design for the backlight and deck, in-

stead of a more typical fastback or squareback design. This backlight, in addition to being lower in drag by about three percent, also has the advantage of not getting dirty as quickly as an alternative squareback treatment.

A major portion of the Airflow Management work on the Escort, including the overall shape studies and the initial states of aerodynamic fine tuning, was done with three-eighths-scale models at the University of Maryland’s wind tunnel. But the Escort project also included Ford’s first use of a full-sized clay model in total Airflow Management testing. On this model, Ford did the minute surface tuning to improve air flow qualities.

On the front of the vehicle, attention was given to the hood edge, parking lamps, valance panel and bumper. The grille opening and cooling system designs were studied carefully to insure adequate air flow to the cooling system with minimal drag increase. In



the greenhouse area, the "A" pillar, "C" pillar and deck edge all were refined to reduce drag.

Ford designers gave the deck edge an upturned "kicker," which works along with several other changes to reduce vehicle lift, helping the car hug the road.

Besides using the University of Maryland's wind tunnel for testing three-eighths-scale models, Ford does most of its full-sized clay-model testing at the Lockheed Aircraft wind tunnel in Marietta, Georgia. Ford also uses wind tunnels in Texas and Ontario.

The company spends more than \$1 million a year to rent these tunnels and for other expenses connected with testing. For example, Ford rented the Maryland tunnel for 900 hours last year at a cost of \$250 an hour, and the Lockheed tunnel for 1,600 hours at an hourly cost of \$700.

"The bottom line of this extensive wind-tunnel testing prior to the 1981 model year," said Kopka, "is an Escort with a drag coefficient of .40. Drag coefficient is a dimensionless expression for vehicle body shape efficiency — the lower the better — and from what we've been able to determine so far, Escort's will be lower than those of all of its major competitors." □

A Ford aerodynamics engineer sprays smoke over the 1981 Escort. Smoke-pattern information is monitored to help engineers make aerodynamic changes resulting in improved fuel economy and smoother operation.



The Day We Tackled

Billy Bob Burkett

Spitting dirt and grass, the kid with the spindly legs knew that he had earned his spurs

by Grady James Robinson

illustrations by Jared D. Lee



ARMAGEDDON: That's the word I thought of when the football was snapped to 165-pound Billy Bob Burkett on the third night of junior high football practice, with me stand-

ing across the line in the defensive backfield trying desperately to look like a football player. Burkett was a rock-hard 16-year-old who had flunked twice, was the son of a coal

miner, smoked cigarettes, had fist fights with seniors — and won, chewed tobacco and used four-letter words that most of us couldn't even spell. When he ran with the football he put both arms over it and stomped straight ahead.

So there I stood, all 103 pounds of savage seventh grader, frozen in time and space with spindly white legs spread valiantly over my turf on the 20-yard line.

I was wearing a football uniform. I was out for football. I preferred band, reading, the Mickey Mouse Club and wading in creeks, but my father was the head senior high football coach, so I was out for football. I wore a black leather helmet, with no faceguard. It had a white leather top that from a distance looked exactly like an unburnt match. The helmet was more than 30 years old, right out of the Knute Rockne era, but in 1957 we seventh graders wore them. You could tell a seventh grade kid a mile away. That white top was like a beacon.

Everybody wanted to hit a seventh grader. The ninth graders loved to splatter seventh graders across the slick, dew-covered grass and then laugh. They had contests to see who could knock a seventh grader the farthest. And eighth graders always tried to hit a white-topper and naturally, fellow seventh graders looked for white-toppers because they were the only ones of equal size.

Most seventh grade kids had one other dead giveaway — skinny legs.

Skinny white legs were seventh grade, legs with peach fuzz were eighth grade and muscular brown legs with hair were ninth grade. You dove head-long at skinny hairless legs. You were very careful not to hit legs with peach fuzz and a slight bulge of calf muscle. And legs with black curly hair and thick, hard calves like Billy Bob Burkett's you avoided like poison ivy.

The preacher said Armageddon would be the last battle before the end time. I figured without question this was my end time; I just hoped it would look like a battle.

Billy Bob Burkett burst through the line and I saw dust and dried brown grass fly up behind his steel cleats as he savagely ripped through two fellow white-topper linebackers. The first hit the left leg and the second crashed into his other leg at the same moment. They hit like bugs on the windshield of a heavy-duty Ford truck going down a long hill with a load of lead.

Burkett grunted and snorted and made inhuman sounds. It was a very hot night and I smelled like a man. Sweat dripped off my nose and the white-top helmet sat one-sided on my head with the elastic chinstrap dangling under my chin.

I wanted to run, but couldn't move a muscle. Just like the time we camped out in the mountains and I went looking for firewood and all of a sudden a strange man stepped out from behind a tree not two feet from my face and stared at me. I tried to scream and run that night, too, but all

I could do was suck air and go, "tha - tha, tha - tha - tha."

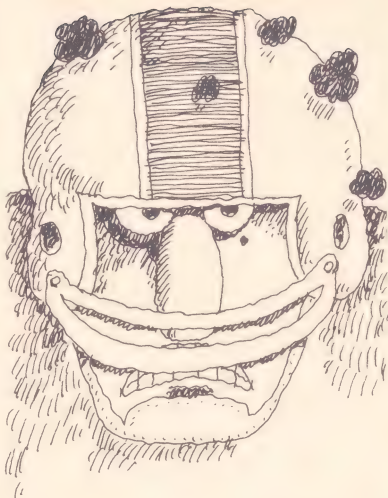
I couldn't run. My Dad was the senior high coach and they were at the other end of the field. The senior high studs, who would go undefeated, wore ducktails, pink shoes and matching socks, drove hot rod Fords with drag pipes and all of them could sing, "Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue, Prittie, Prittie, Prittiee Peggy Sue . . ."

I couldn't run. Daddy had been all-state end in football and all-America forward in basketball and all-world hitter in baseball. And David, my older brother, was the quarterback and star basketball player. So, good-bye, James Fenimore Cooper. Good-bye, Cowboy Sam and the Rustlers. Goodbye, Annette and . . ."

Hello, Billy Bob Burkett.

He was so close now, I could hear him snort. The images blurred before me. White-toppers were in hot pursuit. I smelled cigarette smoke and saw that mole under his left eye through his faceguard. His eyes were coal black because Billy Bob Burkett had been working the mines for two summers and this very day he had been two miles down in Number One at the Excelsior Coal Mine.

I hadn't moved a muscle since Burkett got the ball. My feet were spread properly and firmly into the dusty, dirt-covered field. I wore rubber cleats, which also were for seventh graders. I guess they were afraid we would cleat ourselves or perhaps each other in the wild dog piles we called tackles.



Billy Bob Burkett lowered his rock-hard head. I saw thick neck muscles covered with brown, sweaty, leathery skin bulge just as the helmet thudded uncommonly loud on my number 97 jersey. Billy Bob grunted and snorted. I flew due east at a remarkable clip.

I saw the lights of the field. My white-topper popped off my head like a Roman candle going skyward and disappearing into the night, but the elastic chinstrap was squarely under my jaw and brought the Rawlings white-topper back to its original position with a thud. I didn't notice. Lights came on all over the universe and bells tingled wildly and my entire life passed before me, all 12 wonderful years, and about two and a half I hadn't lived yet.

I heard Billy Bob snorting, kids

grunting as my body was being dragged down the field. I was on my back with my index finger somehow entangled in Billy Bob's belt. Pumping furiously, his piston-like knees were a blur only an inch from my face. He couldn't run very fast with me banging against his legs, so seventh grade defenders were able to jump onto his back — three, four and five at a time, but that made him even more determined to go the length of the field.

My finger ached and I wondered if it would separate from my hand. I thought about my finger and how it would look dangling from his belt. Then, it happened.

Billy Bob, somewhat off balance due to the half dozen screaming seventh graders winging from various parts of his anatomy, made a mistake. The steel cleat of his left shoe got caught in the elastic chinstrap of my leather helmet just long enough to cause him to stumble and come crashing, thrashing, raging to the dusty turf.

In a ghastly heap of moans and dust and sweat we lay. The dust cleared. The moans ceased. One by one we peeled off. My face felt like a hot waffle. Out of one eye I saw the sky. Out of the other eye was nothing. Darkness.

"Atta boy, little Rob'son, way ta hit, hoss."

Billy Bob got up slowly. I thought how ironic, the first tackle of my career and I lose an eye.

"I can't see," I screamed. "My

eye, my eye I can't see!"

Billy Bob looked down at me.

I looked up at him through my remaining good eye.

"Nice tackle, little Rob'son," he smiled.

"I can't see," I insisted.

Billy Bob reached out and slapped my leather helmet and it spun around on my head.

Suddenly I could see out of both eyes. "There ye go, hoss, you were looking out the ear hole."

There is a magical moment in the life of every boy when he knows that he has earned his spurs. In my town, in my time, it was taking on the likes of Billy Bob Burkett.

I spit dirt and grass and limped back to my position humming, "Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue . . ."

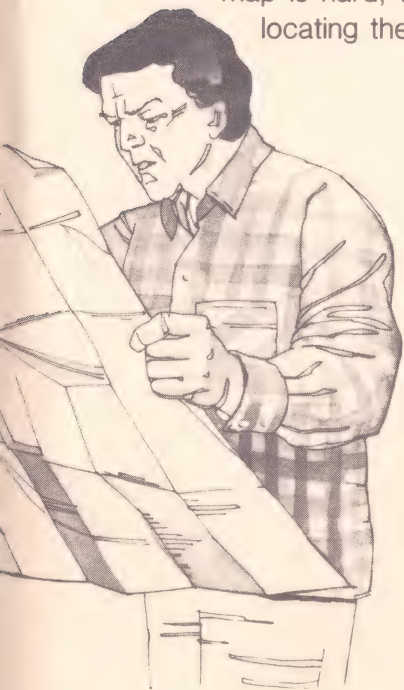




illustrations by Linda Boston

Looking for Lake Nahmakanta

If you think pronouncing
names on a Maine
map is hard, try
locating them



by R. Paul Burton, Jr.

A VISITOR TO Maine, especially to the beautiful, sprawling wilderness of Piscataquis County, is likely to find that his tongue has taken on more than it can handle.

A glance at any map detailing the mountains, streams and lakes of the region will reveal the problem: an intimidating array of wonderfully unpronounceable names, names full of potency and silliness, names such as Katahdin, Nesowadnehunk, Aboljacknagesic, Ambejackmockamus, Ambejejus, Pockwockamus, Ripogenus, Chesuncook, Nahmakanta, Debsconeag, Nesuntabunt, Passama-gamet, Mattawamkeag, Pemadum-cook, Sowadabscook, Potaywadjo, Kokadjo, and on and on and on.

On paper, these extraordinary names can exert an exotic charm. On the lips of an outlander, however, they become devils that bewilder the tongue and numb the mind.

As if this were not bad enough, the confusion is increased by the fact that the written forms of these names are still changing. Since they were originally Abenaki Indian words and phrases, having no written forms, white men, both French and English, wrote them down as they heard them, or as they imagined them to sound — a method that was, of course, susceptible to a lot of individual interpretation.

As a result, it is not uncommon, even today, to find several different spellings and pronunciations of the same mountain, lake or stream.

Henry David Thoreau, for in-

stance, in his book *The Maine Woods*, gave the spelling of the state's highest mountain as *Ktaadn*, a form that some writers still use, in spite of the U.S. Geographic Board's adoption of *Katahdin* in 1893.

There is even some confusion about this official spelling. Dudley Lunt refers to the ruling in his edition of *The Maine Woods*, but gives the approved version as *Kahtahdin*. Meanwhile, the State Department of Transportation, not to be outdone in originality, somehow came up with *Kathdin* as the spelling on last year's official Maine road map.

If you are inclined to see this as an isolated example, consider Nahmakanta. This large lake southwest of Katahdin is spelled *Nahmecanto*, *Nahmakanta* or *Nahmakhanta*, depending on your point of view. Area natives pronounce it as "Namacanta," "Nanamecanta" or "Nahanamecanta" (along with any number of personal variations), depending on their point of view. In this case, too, the Department of Transportation's cartographers have had a fit of originality. According to them, the proper spelling is *Nahinakanta*.

Then there is a certain stream flowing from the south flank of Mt. Katahdin. It turns up as *Aboljecarmeguscook*, *Aboljecarmegus*, *Aboljacknegesic*, *Aboljackomegus*, *Aboljackarnegassic* (!) and, fortunately, just plain *Abol* — all meaning something like "place where the water laughs in coming down."

As this last example shows, if a

name gets to be a real mouthful even for a native Mainer, it is likely to suffer amputation of some of its *jacks* and *cooks*. This is fine for those in the know, but a novice confronted with both the original form and the shortened one is likely to think he is dealing with two entirely different places. Combine all this with the traditional terseness of the State-of-Mainer, and the results can be exasperating.

Lake Nahmakanta can be reached by air service from Millinocket or Greenville, by foot on the Appalachian Trail or (in theory, at least) by a four-wheel-drive vehicle on a 30-mile-long, unmaintained and barely passable lumber road. A few summers ago, I chose the third method, the lumber road, and spent an hour fruitlessly searching for the point near Kokadjo at which the road was supposed to branch off from the paved highway.

Finally I returned to the Kokadjo store to ask directions of a girl behind the counter.

"Nahmakanta?" she repeated, shaking her head slowly.

"It's over that way," I explained, pointing in the general direction and feeling surprised that she had never heard of such a popular fishing spot.

"Is it a lake or a pond?" she asked. (This distinction further complicates Maine geography for the uninitiated, since bodies of water large enough to float the *Queen Mary* are often called ponds.)

"Oh, it's a lake all right."

At last a faint light came into her

eyes. "You don't mean Nahanermek-
anter, do you?"

I wasn't sure whether I did or not,
but decided it was worth a try.

"Nope," she said, "I've heard of it,
but I don't know where the road is.
You might ask Joe. I think he's over in
the garage there. He knows all these
lakes. Used to be a ranger."

With a spark of hope, I crossed
the highway to the garage and found
Joe overhauling the engine of a snow-
mobile.

"Hi, there," I said, trying not to
sound too eager. "The girl over at the



store said you could tell me how to
find the road to Nahanermekanter." I
did my best to imitate the girl's
pronunciation.

"Nope," Joe replied

"Nahmakanta?" I tried again.

He shook his head before sticking
it back into the snowmobile and add-
ing in a muffled voice, "Never heard

of it around these parts."

I was about to give up when his
head reappeared. "There's one over
here called Nerkanter. Don't mean
that un, do you?"

"It'll do," I said.

He stood up slowly and scratched
his head. "Well, now, I think they
changed the road to that. Comes in
from the other side now. You'd have
to go down to Dover-Foxcroft, then
over and back up to Millinocket."

A few hours later, I had completed
his directions and was in Millinocket
at the ranger station.

"I'm looking for the road to Lake
Nerkanter," I explained to the ranger
on duty. He responded with a blank
stare. Fortunately, he had a good
map, and I showed him the spot.

"Oh, sure, Nahinakanta, N-A-H-
I-N-A-K-A-N-T-A," he said, spelling
it out for me.

"Okay, Nahinakanta."

"Road's closed," he said, walking
back into his office.

You get the idea: Maine is a lovely
state, but asking directions there is a
risky proposition. Perhaps the best
way out of this wilderness of names
would be to revert to the practice of
the Indians who started the whole
mess. What we consider names were
to them merely descriptions.

So, if I ever decide to try looking
for Lake Nahmakanta (or is it Nahi-
nakanta?) again, I may just stop at
that garage in Kokadjo and ask Joe if
he can tell me how to get to "great
shining water full of fish that
jump." □

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Ford Times Favorite Recipes

A Traveler's Guide to Good Eating at
Home and on the Road



I Heard a Cowboy Crying

The hilarious tale of how a
simple basement job turned
into a whirlwind —
Western Style

by Alice Zillmer

LAST WEEK, I heard a cowboy crying; it unsettled my world.

Actually, the cowboy was an insulation contractor we hired to solve a "do-it-yourself" problem.

After dry-walling part of our basement, we learned our heating costs could be considerably reduced if we insulated the basement walls as well as the ceiling.

Discouraged over the prospect of removing, replacing and hauling away a newly completed section of dry wall, we discussed the problem with our lo-

cal building materials salesman.

"Why not have insulation blown behind the finished wall?" he suggested. "You can install blanket-type insulation yourself before you complete the other walls."

He recommended a local contractor who arrived bright and early on a Monday morning. We exchanged "Howdys." His 10-gallon hat and hand-tooled, high-heeled boots had my eye as he took measurements.

In my best Gary Cooper manner, I bravely ventured, "How much?"

He poked at his pocket calculator. He shook it. He poked at it again.

"Battery's dead," he said. "But in my business, you can't be without one of these."

I produced paper and pencil. After an interminable wait, he announced an acceptable fee of \$250. We shook hands.

Four days later, after unreeling a corrugated hose which reached from his panel truck into our basement, he produced two walkie-talkies from a side holster. He handed one to his sidekick in the truck and disappeared into our basement with the other.

I was busy typing when I heard him drawl, "All set, Joe. Start 'er up."

After a few minutes, he bellowed a louder, "Joe, you can start."

The volume or something malfunctioned because the next call to Joe made me give the semicolon a jab from which it still has not recovered.

The cowboy contractor left the basement and strolled to the truck. He produced some fresh batteries and



illustrations by Robert Boston

overhauled his intercom system.

He reentered the basement.

"Joe, can you hear me? Fine. Good. Let 'er fly."

I heard the drone of the truck's motor. Evidently, Joe had gotten things airborne. I typed one more page before I heard, "Enough, Joe."

Then, "Cut it, Joe."

Then, "Enough already, Joe!"

Next, a series of expletives resounded from below. They had me concerned. Had the cowboy's herd stampeded? Was my ranch home in danger?

I opened the kitchen door. A thick, rolling cloud of gray fuzz greeted me and partially obscured the basement stairs. I got a vague glimpse of the cowboy wrestling the pulsating hose like it was a skittish, skinny saloon dancer.

In anticipation of our remodeling project, we had moved everything out of the basement, leaving it as empty as a dance hall on New Year's day. The contractor had the floor to himself. From the sound of his fancy footwork, he was using every inch of it. And — he was banking high on the walls as he turned.

To my relief, the truck's motor ceased its music. The dance was over.

I closed the kitchen door and stuffed a throw rug along the bottom of the door to block the infiltrating, fine fuzz. Through the window, I saw several mattress-sized, empty bags being tossed out of the truck. Presently, there was a knock at my door.

I was prepared to handle the sight



of a Western hat covered with a six-inch layer of insulation. I've seen hats with tall crowns before. But the insulation epaulets on the contractor's shoulders proved to be my undoing. They were the size worn by the head honcho in a Mexican war movie.

As I pinched both my hips in an effort to gain control, the contractor said solemnly, "A little of the insulation always gets blown around. Don't worry about it, Ma'am."

(Worried? Me? With a smile that would span the Rio Grande?)

"We'll reverse the blower and suck it up nice and neat," he said. "In my business, you can't be without a reverse on the blower."

I sobered up when I heard, "Let's suck 'er up, Joe."

Luckily, the motor started on cue.

It ran. And ran. And ran. The rug I had stuffed beneath the kitchen door seemed intent on creeping slowly toward the basement landing. I stood on the rug until the vacuuming was over.

I heard the hose being pulled up the steps. I went for my checkbook. Prudent businesswoman that I am, I decided to check the job before paying.

Our basement was spotless. Even the cobwebs were gone. I did notice my husband's shorts and sweat shirt were missing from beneath the clothes chute, but maybe my husband put them in the hamper for once. I couldn't remember removing my cross-country ski socks from the little clothesline, either. Well, I'd figure all that out later.

I paid the contractor. He hurried out.

The phone rang. I recognized my neighbor's voice.

"Say, did you know that your insulation man's storage bag broke when he was sucking up the excess insulation?"

"No," I said. "I didn't."

"Well, it did. And it spewed little gray stuff all over. I think the airport is closed."

I ran to the door. Sure enough. The airport was completely socked in. Through the whirling clouds, I saw my husband's shorts stretched across the windshield of my neighbor's snappy new Mustang. My hubby's sweat shirt was wildly clutching the Widow Wilson's arborvitae. My ski socks had migrated to the far north, searching for a snowy nesting place.

And — off in the murky west — I heard a cowboy crying. □





Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



MANCY'S RESTAURANT TOLEDO, OHIO

A gaily painted wooden clown with an outstretched hand of welcome has been on duty here since 1921 when Gus Mancy opened this unusual restaurant-museum. The clown is the only survivor of a devastating fire in 1973 that destroyed all the restaurant's antiques. But under the direction of Mancy's twin sons, John and George, the decor features another collection of antiques from all over the country and the quality of the food is attested to by the hundreds of people who dine here each week. Featuring a variety of steaks and seafoods, the restaurant is open for dinner Monday through Saturday from 5 to 11 p.m. It

MAUNA KEA BEACH HOTEL KAMUELA, HAWAII

Whether for a leisurely vacation or an evening out for dinner, this luxurious resort built by Lawrence Rockefeller is rated by many people as the finest hotel anywhere. Spacious sandy beaches, tennis courts, a spectacular golf course and superb food in several dining rooms all add up to the enjoyment of pampered guests. On the Kohala Coast of the Big Island of Hawaii, it is owned by UAL, Inc., a Western International Hotel managed by Robert H. Butterfield.

COCONUT LAYER CAKE

Beat 6 egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored, 5 minutes. Gradually beat in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar. On low speed mix in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cake flour, 1 teaspoon bak-

ing powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt alternately with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat 6 egg whites with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar until stiff. Gradually fold yolk mixture into whites. Pour into ungreased 10x4-inch tube pan. Bake at 325° about 1 hour or until done. Invert on funnel and cool. When cold, cut in 3 or 4 layers. Spread each with Coconut Filling, (below), sprinkling each layer with shredded coconut flakes. Refrigerate.

SALAD A LA GREQUE

Prepare 3 quarts fresh salad greens including romaine, iceberg lettuce, curly endive, leaf lettuce, Bibb or butter lettuce. Arrange in large bowl with 3 tomatoes, cut in sixths, 1 diced cucumber, 1 bunch sliced radishes, 1 can chick peas and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crumbled Feta cheese. Garnish with ripe olives and serve with oil and vinegar dressing or the house dressing (below). Serves 6 to 8.

OLD-FASHIONED SWEET-SOUR DRESSING

Blend $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup paprika, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Worcestershire sauce, 1 quart vinegar, 1 quart salad oil and a 3-pound, 3-ounce can condensed tomato soup. Whip until well blended, then add 1 cup finely chopped onion. Store in refrigerator and shake well before using. Makes about 4 quarts.

ing powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt alternately with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat 6 egg whites with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar until stiff. Gradually fold yolk mixture into whites. Pour into ungreased 10x4-inch tube pan. Bake at 325° about 1 hour or until done. Invert on funnel and cool. When cold, cut in 3 or 4 layers. Spread each with Coconut Filling, (below), sprinkling each layer with shredded coconut flakes. Refrigerate.

Coconut Filling: In top of double boiler, mix $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons cornstarch and dash of salt. Gradually stir in 2 cups milk, mixing well. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring constantly 8 to 12 minutes, when it should begin to thicken. Cover and cook 10 minutes longer. Stir $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot mixture into 2 well-beaten eggs. Return to milk mixture and continue cooking 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in 1 tablespoon water, then dissolve over hot water. Stir into custard with 4 tablespoons coconut syrup and allow to cool. Blend in 1 pint whipping cream, whipped.



THE ORANGERY KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

Start with an old warehouse, remodel it to include several dining areas, a piano bar lounge, an efficient kitchen and a vintage wine cellar. That's a thumbnail history of this unique award-winning establishment under the guidance of William and Karen Kendrick where excellent Continental cuisine is the rule. Open for lunch and dinner daily except Sunday. It is at 5412 Kingston Pike between Northshore Drive and Chapman Highway. Reservations suggested.

COQUELET AUX MARRONS

(Rock Cornish Hens with Chestnut-Sausage Stuffing)

4 Rock Cornish hens

- 1 tablespoon salt
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 pound mild sausage
- 8 ounces chestnut puree
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
(more if desired)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Grand Marnier
- 10 ounces whipping cream

Wash and pat hens dry. Sprinkle salt in cavities and rub inside and out with butter. Mix sausage and chestnut puree and stuff each hen. Truss and place in baking pan, breast side up. Bake in preheated 400° oven 45 to 50 minutes or until browned and legs test done. While hens are baking blend wine, mustard and liqueur in saucepan. Cook over moderate heat until reduced to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup. Reduce heat and stir in cream. When hens are done, remove to hot platter. Skim fat from pan, then add drippings to sauce. Pour sauce over birds and serve with wild rice. Serves 4.

BROWN'S PALACE RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA

An 80-year-old "Red Brick School" has taken on a new personality and now houses one of the most popular restaurants in the Black Hills area. Redesigned by Bobi and Gary Brown and her parents, Bette and Art Jones, the three dining rooms with a seating capacity of 180 are open every day for lunch and dinner. A popular feature with meals is the salad bar with more than 40 different items. It is at 3120 West Main Street off I-90.

DAY ONE — BEEF ROAST

Prepare 7-bone standing rib roast by rubbing salt all over fat covering. Place in open pan, fat side up (bones form a natural rack). With toothpicks secure over top 1 large sliced onion, 2 stalks celery cut in 4-inch pieces and 3 medium carrots, quar-

tered. Insert meat thermometer in thickest part of meat without touching bone or fat. Roast at 325° allowing about 20 minutes to the pound or until thermometer registers 140°, rare; 160°, medium-rare or 170°, well-done. Remove from oven $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before carving. Peel away the fat and stand on edge to carve the eye of the roast away from the rib bones. Leave all the meat that is not part of the eye attached to the rib bones. Refrigerate bones for Barbecued Bones (below).

DAY TWO — BARBECUED BEEF BONES

Prepare beef ribs by separating them each with about the same amount of meat left attached to bones. Place in a single layer in roasting pan. Mix 46-ounce can tomato juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each onion salt, garlic salt, chili powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each sugar and flour, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup wine vinegar and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Pour over ribs, cover tightly and bake at 350° about 2 hours. Serve with noodles or baked potatoes.

QUEEN ELIZABETH I of England had one. So did Queen Victoria. And last year, several thousand Americans followed the precedent set by these royal pet-lovers to become owners of . . . a ferret.

Small (about 22 inches long, four inches high, and weighing just over two pounds), lithe, and slender, the ferret is one of nature's most winsome creations. Insatiably curious and incessantly playful, a ferret in the house will bring a lift to your spirits and a smile to your face.

The domestic ferret has a nose carved of chocolate, round ears lightly covered with downy beige fur, a beige-colored face crossed by a dark brown mask like that of a raccoon, and an

Although it characteristically stands and walks with an arched back, a ferret can stretch itself thin as a rubber band, sit up like a trained poodle, curl itself into a perfect doughnut, and turn around in a confined space 2½ inches wide. It accomplishes the latter feat by tucking its head down through its front and then hind feet, so that its head ends up where its tail was a second earlier.

Ferrets have been domesticated for around 2,000 years. They are mentioned by the Roman naturalist Pliny and the Greek geographer Strabo, both writing in the first century A.D.

Originally ferrets were used (and in Europe still are) to chase rats out of their holes and rabbits out of their

Life's More Fun With

The endangered North American black-footed ferret is seldom seen. But his nearly identical cousin from Europe will live in your home and add joy to your life

inquisitive expression. Its dense underwool, the color of rich Guernsey cream, peeks through the glistening, darker guard hair. The tail (which accounts for about one-third of the animal's length), the short legs and delicate feet are a uniform dark brown.

A ferret is an animated piece of elastic, a furry pretzel come to life, a warm and cuddly slinky toy. A ferret doesn't jump from your lap; it pours.

warrens. For the latter reason, several states make it illegal to have a tame ferret. If you consider buying one, check your state's law.

The North American black-footed ferret, *Mustela nigripes*, is an endangered species and has never been propagated successfully in captivity. On the other hand, the domestic ferret is an import from Europe and has been tamed for hunting and as a lap animal for centuries.

A ferret trained to the task makes a fine ratter. My son, with an eye on the yards and yards of mole tunnels defacing our lawn, decided to teach our gentle little ferret, Nibbles, to become a hunter.

He bought a mouse at the pet shop and presented it to Nibbles. She immediately devised a game to play with this interesting new creature. She would dive at the mouse, who would then leap across her body. It was fine sport. The result: We added a mouse to our collection of pets.

It is easy to understand the derivation of our verb, "to ferret," which means to drive out of a lurking place, or, by extension, to search out by shrewd questioning. But it does a

a Ferret

by Anne R. Plack



illustrations by Robert W. Bragg

gross disservice to this beautiful little animal to call anyone "ferret-faced," if by that you mean he has a sharp, pointed, unattractive aspect. A ferret's face is utterly appealing.

Ferrets are members of the family *Mustelidae*, which includes weasels, minks, martens, wolverines, badgers, fishers, skunks and otters. Members of this ancient family are found all over the world (except in Australia, Madagascar, the Antarctic and most

oceanic islands).

The native American black-footed ferret is now one of the rarest mammals in North America. Never abundant, it was not even named until Audubon identified it in 1851. Nevertheless, the black-footed ferret once ranged over the short-grass prairie from Saskatchewan to Texas. It has now been brought to near-extinction by past efforts of ranchers and government authorities to eradicate the



prairie dog, the ferret's favorite food.

Former Senator James Abourezk, of South Dakota, worked for many years to save this secretive phantom of the prairie. As a result of his efforts, studies are under way to find a method of controlling prairie dogs while preserving the ferret. The black-footed ferret can no longer be legally killed, or trapped.

The wild black-footed ferret's coloring and markings are very similar to those of a domestic ferret. Mike Cottingham of Moran, Wyoming, who conducts wilderness hikes into the back country of Montana, Wyoming and Colorado each summer, reports that only one black-footed ferret has been sighted by any of his hikers in the last six years. But if you are very

lucky, you might still see one in a South Dakota or Wyoming protected prairie dog town.

Domestic ferrets now come in two sizes and four colors: Albino (once popular with royalty), Siamese, silver and the more prevalent cream. There is a small-sized hunting ferret and a much larger (opossum-sized) fur ferret, whose pelt is called a fitch.

A ferret's shiny black shoe-button eyes provide him with good vision, especially at night. (Wild ferrets are nocturnal, though the domestic version has adjusted to man's wake-and-sleep schedule.) A ferret's hearing is extremely keen. The slightest noise in some distant part of the house causes ours to sit up, cock her head to one side and listen attentively. The animal's sensitive nose constantly tests the air for telltale odors of food or danger.

Although wild ferrets are carnivorous, the domestic variety will eat almost anything, including ice cream, scrambled eggs, oatmeal, milk, and a variety of fruits and vegetables. One ferret of my acquaintance loves green peas, which are both plaything and food to him. He rolls them about, chasing and capturing the errant little green balls, before finally devouring them.

Although pet shops sell a special food for ferrets, the animals grow equally well on any brand of cat food you can buy at your supermarket.

Ferrets come equipped with miniature bear claws, sharp and nonretractable, and long, pointed incisor



teeth. In the wild, this equipment is essential for capturing and killing rodents and other ferret food. The claws are also needed for digging rapidly and efficiently. A tame ferret, gently treated from infancy and stroked daily, never bites or scratches.

Ferrets love to be played with and tickled. Stretch one out lengthwise upon its back and stroke its underside from chin to tail, and it will become practically hypnotized — until some

other idea strikes its fancy and it oozes off your lap to investigate something, such as the ashes in the fireplace.

Ferrets do not chew on furniture, as a puppy might, or claw and scratch upholstery and drapes, as cats do. What a ferret does is climb inside your shirt or up your sleeve, lick your face copiously with a raspy little pink tongue no bigger than the eraser on a pencil, and steal your heart away. □



Drive a Crooked Block

*"There was a crooked man,
and he went a crooked mile . . ."*

by Albert C. Beerbower

THE AUTHOR of the old Mother Goose rhyme above neither visited San Francisco nor traveled Lombard Street. Had he been so fortunate, his crooked man would most certainly have driven a crooked block.

Today every man — and his wife and kids — can vacation in this exotic city and drive the crookedest street in the world. On the eastern slope of Russian Hill, Lombard Street changes direction 10 times in the single block between Hyde and Leavenworth streets. To reach this amazing street with the configuration of a paranoid python, drive to the top of Hyde Street from either direction (downtown or Fisherman's Wharf). There, at the very crest of the cable car line, is Lombard, plunging steeply downward.

Before you nose your car over the brow, shift into your lowest gear to maintain a safe speed and prolong the life of your brakes. With your own eyes fixed on the road, ask one of your passengers to describe the stately

homes as you very, very slowly wind your way down to Leavenworth. Even with your attention focused on the continual turns you will be able to see the lush beds of hydrangeas lining *all four sides* of the street. For passengers only, there's the breathtaking view straight across to the peak of Telegraph Hill, topped by historic Coit Tower.

Compared with the rest of the city, Lombard is a relatively new street. Before World War I, it ran straight up the hill, virtually impossible to negotiate. To meet the demand for safer vehicular access the city completed construction of the amazing serpentine roadway in 1922. To surmount the staggering grade a nameless engineer devised the zigzag pattern now familiar to travelers the world over.

The hydrangeas are the inspiration of Peter Bercut, a former Park Commissioner and early resident of the steep block. Bercut sold his neighbors on the idea, and today the homeowners still maintain the same spectacular gardens.

Most visitors make a second or even third descent of this unbelievable twister. If you are favored with more than one driver, switch off. This time, note the stair-stepped sidewalks, the angular driveways and, especially, the mellow red bricks in the pavement. You might want to argue over the number of stories in some of the split-level homes. Stopping on the hill is forbidden, so walk back later if you want to photograph the crooked block and the city below. □



The Case of the Expensive Frog

In my story, "Collecting Presidential Americana" (July *Ford Times*), the heavy iron bullfrog doorstops that I cited as being long-coveted collectors' items would now appear to have nothing to do with Andrew Jackson's 1828 presidential campaign. Herbert Collins, curator of the Smithsonian Institution, recently discovered in his research that the frogs are advertising gimmicks for a Jackson, Michigan, wagon company of the 1880s.

The information not only came too late for my story, but too late for those who have proudly displayed such a

frog at Jackson's revered home, The Hermitage, in Tennessee.

And worse yet, it came too late for collectors like me who had plowed anywhere from \$250 to \$500 into the purchase price of such a frog.

Well, it's still a nice item. Even Collins says "there's still a place for it in a collection." Sure there is. And that's what I keep telling my wife.

Stan Gores

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin



A Tribute to Ol' Blue

Ol' Blue — a 1965 half-ton Ford pickup — heard the call into full-time Christian mission while sitting on a used truck lot in Columbia, Missouri, in 1971. Hard work was not foreign to her, and her travels had already taken her the equivalent of more than two trips around the world.

During the next eight years, she took part in some 50 work camps. A nurse in training needed a vehicle to drive to visit patients in rural areas — and Ol' Blue became a medical missionary. A home was broken by divorce and Ol' Blue came to the rescue to haul furniture. Koinonia House

started in Columbia, and Ol' Blue helped move person after person into a new home and a new life.

Recently, after much contemplation, Ol' Blue was retired from the active mission field. She had clocked some 180,000 miles. After a brief ceremony at the same used truck lot, she returned to an easier task in the secular world — and is still seen on the streets of Columbia.

Old work camp pickups never die. They just trade away.

Mel West, Director

Office of Creative Ministries

The United Methodist Church
Columbia, Missouri

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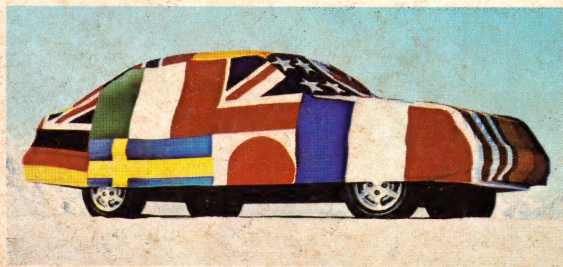


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